

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, OR Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Politics, &c.

NO. XLVIII.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1817.

PRICE 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

MANDEVILLE; a Tale of the Seventeenth Century in England. By WILLIAM GODWIN. 3 vols.

The name of the author has procured for this work from us, what it would not otherwise have obtained,—a perusal from beginning to end. Our expectations had been previously excited, and our disappointment has been proportionally severe. For, to confess the truth, we have been wearied with its endless repetitions, and tired of its disquisitions, *dit* developments of human nature, but which to our minds are very unnatural, without possessing the merit of being curiously metaphysical.

The story relates to a person named Charles Mandeville, born in 1638, whose father, an officer in the garrison of Charlemont, under Lord Caulfield, is, together with his mother, murdered by O'Neill and the Irish rebels. The child is miraculously saved by an intrepid Hibernian nurse, called Judy, who bears him to Dublin, where he is harshly taken from her by a Puritan clergyman, Hilkiah Bradford, and brought to England. Here he is adopted by his uncle Audley Mandeville, the last heir of that rich family, and educated by Hilkiah in a wild residence surrounded by sea and wastes. Hilkiah is a strange compound between the milk of human kindness and the most bigoted intolerance; the uncle a stranger, between an elegantly cultivated mind and a most imbecile understanding. Deceived in early love, he lives recluse and unsocial, the prey to a sort of lethargic passiveness and inaction, which the author has all the merit of having conceived, and dwelt upon at great length in many chapters. In short, the picture of these oddities occupies nearly the whole of the first volume. It is repeated over and over again, and turned so many ways as to become at last a strong skip-provoking drug. Hilkiah however dies, and his pupil, after visiting a sister younger than himself, who was in England at the time of the massacre, goes to Winchester school. Endowed with a propensity too common to Mr. Godwin's heroes, he here forms a friendship with a worthless rascal named Waller, and conceives a rooted hatred for a noble fellow named Clifford. Waller by his villainy brings him into disgrace

as a roundhead, and he leaves school in paroxysms of phrenzy. Oxford is his next scene, which he quits in the hope of wiping out the suspicions attached to him, by joining a rising against Cromwell, as private Secretary to King Charles's commander. In this design, however, he is baffled; Clifford having been previously appointed to that office. He flies in rage and disgust, and the insurgents are soon after defeated, and many of them executed. Mallison, another of his Winchester school-fellows, circulates this affair with malignant misrepresentations, and he finds himself scouted at Oxford as he had before been at Winton. Another fit of raving insanity follows, and it takes a few months in a strait-waistcoat under the wholesome discipline of a mad-house, together with the affectionate attentions of his sister, to restore him to reason. His only friend at Oxford, is a misanthrope, *sui generis*; and the chief delight of these ingenuous youths, we are told, was either to sit sulking together without exchanging a word, or else to pour forth execrations by the hour! This estimable gentleman, of course felt nothing but joy in the misfortunes of his amiable co-adjutor, Mandeville. The scene shifts again to the uncle, over whom, in the absence of his nephew, a scoundrel attorney, one Holloway, gains a complete ascendancy by making a noise below his windows. To get rid of this annoyance, which robs him of his darling quiet, Audley takes the vagabond to his bosom; but, disgusted by the perception of his infamy, he refuses to make him his heir, and *only* leaves him 30,000l. and the guardianship of his nephew and niece, with extravagant powers. Having concluded this wise job, he dies; and Charles and the attorney, whose character the former is represented as fully understanding, have a grand fracas, which, after many silly windings, ends in the latter acquiring as great an ascendancy over the legatee, as he had over his relative. The arts by which he manages this matter, and steals over the mind of his abhorring and open-eyed ward, required tedious details, and the author has not abated them one paragraph. Holloway's scheme is to drive Mr. Mandeville *quite* mad, marry Miss Mandeville to his own nephew, the Mallison aforesaid, and so get possession of the estates of the house of Mandeville. He

prosecutes this plan by means that would have had no effect but upon such a genius as our hero; but the sister having formed an attachment with Clifford, is not so easily imposed upon. A law-suit is instituted by her friends, for the dismissal of Holloway, pending which, she weds her accomplished lover. Her brother, driven wild by the idea of this match without his being consulted, makes a night attempt to carry his sister off, but is foiled by Clifford, who gives him a slash across the face with his sabre, and so—the novel ends. We do not jest when we declare that this is the whole story.

To deny that Mr. Godwin is a man of powerful and original mind, and an able writer, is far from our intention; but to say that this work has a just title to the eulogies we see lavished upon it in the periodical press, either as an interesting fable, or a philosophical inquiry into the human passions, is what we are still less inclined to admit. It appears to us to be a jumble of paradoxes, and a perfect caricature of nature. The feelings of the actors are all exaggerated, and such as we are firmly persuaded never did exist, with the combinations and modifications that have been given them. The characters are exceptions to humanity. The Winchester boys are all men. The hero is not the victim of pride, as is endeavoured to be shown, but of the most fiend-like envy, wilful blindness, inexplicable folly, and diabolical malignity. The repulsiveness of all the principal *dramatis personæ* is unparalleled and disgusting, and the motto that has been chosen for this book seems justified by its contents:—

And the waters of this fountain were bitter: and they said, Let the name of it be called Marah.

That name would have been more consonant to it than Mandeville; and we may observe, by the way, that for a work of this genus, the texts of Holy Writ are too copiously sprinkled over its pages.

We shall only notice one other blemish, and close our account with a few brief illustrative extracts. The author commits many anachronisms, and forgets that Cromwell lived in the seventeenth, not in the nineteenth century. He, therefore, affords no picture of the distinctive manners of the age two hundred years ago,

and might as well have dated 1700 or 1800, as 1600 A. D.

Vulgar errors in style.—Mrs. Dorothy's annotations were of considerable service; the studies of the naval hero had not laid among the votaries of the Muse. Vol. i. p. 64.

It had been arranged, that Clifford was to lay that night at Sir Thomas Fanshaw's. Vol. iii. p. 364.

An Ultra-queer boy, or young monster of six or eight years of age.—The sort of intercourse in which I thus lived with my fellow beings, formed me early to a habit of reverie. I delighted to wander; but I was not delighted with objects of cheerfulness. It will already have been seen, that I was not even intruded on with impressions of this sort. I loved a hazy day, better than a sunshiny one. My organs of vision, or the march of my spirits, gave me an aversion to whatever was dazzling or gaudy. I loved to listen to the patterning of the rain, the roaring of the waves, and the pelting of the storm. There was I know not what, in the sight of a bare and sullen heath, that afforded me a much more cherished pleasure, than I could ever find in the view of the most exuberant fertility, or the richest and most vivid parterre. Perhaps all this proves me to be a monster, not formed with the feelings of human nature, and unworthy to live; I cannot help it. The purpose of these pages is, to be made the record of truth. Vol. i. p. 112.

No doubt I was a proud creature; and, as I have already said, I never was a boy. Vol. i. p. 154.

Paradox.—The preceptor, Hilkiah, "was a man substantially of a gentle temper" but he sometimes crossed his stubborn pupil.

It was Hilkiah, that first made me acquainted with the unsavouriness of an embezzled soul. From time to time he filled all my thoughts with malignity. I can scarcely describe the frame of my temper towards him [no wonder, for such a temper never existed in a child]. I would not have hurt him; but I muttered harsh resentment against him in sounds scarcely articulate; and I came to regard him as my evil genius, poisoning my cup of life, thwarting my most innocent sallies, watching with a jaundiced eye for faults in me which I did not recognise, and blasting that sweet complacency, in which a *virtuous* mind is delighted to plunge itself and to play. Vol. i. p. 158.

This virtuous and complacent young innocent rejoiced in the death of his tutor, and after transiently feeling the good impression of a fond death-bed admonition, revived his antipathy beyond the grave!

Causes for hating and loving.—Clifford was beautiful and prepossessing. Nothing could exceed the sweetness of his disposition, or the warmth of his heat. Yet I shrank from Clifford, and attached myself to Waller. The solution of this, lies in what I have already delineated of my character. I was by nature solitary. Therefore Waller suited me, and Clifford did not. Waller was a lad of dimi-

nutive stature, and his complexion was a deadly pale. His eye sometimes glistened; but not with kindness. He knew not what it was to love any creature but himself; the occasion, rarely occurring, lighting up of his looks, was from conceit, the triumph, when such triumph fell to his share, of an abortive specimen of manhood over his happier fellows. To finish his portrait, he was in some degree, though not violently, deformed in his person. Vol. 1. p. 274.

The penultimate sentence is not very intelligible, but we think the admirable qualities of Clifford, and the vile qualities of Waller, are sufficiently explained, to account for a mind of our author's drawing, abhorring the former, and adoring the latter. His Oxford friend is another fine study of the attractive!

I found a young man of a cast of mind similar to my own. His thoughts were all gloomy; his countenance was perpetually sad.—We loved by sympathy.

[Like draws to like,
And an old horse to a failed dike.]

We spent whole evenings together in silence; but, if thus we did not amuse each other, at least we had a mutual understanding, and did, not one torment the other by ill-applied attentions and civilities. We found a *social pleasure* in looking in each other's faces, and silently whispering to our own hearts, Thank God, I have a companion that hates the world as much as I do! Vol. 2. p. 62.

Sometimes we would sit *silent* together for hours, like what I have heard of a Quaker's meeting; and then, suddenly seized with that *passion for change* which is never utterly extinguished in the human mind, would cry out, as by mutual impulse, *Come, now let us curse a little!* In the art of cursing we were certainly no ordinary proficients; and if an indifferent person could have heard us, he would probably have been considerably struck [we agree with the author] with the solemnity, the fervour, the eloquence, the richness of style and imagination, with which we discharged the function!!!!!!

We will quote no more: except some lines from the poetry of the lamented son of the Minstrel Beattie—

One Mandeville once, or Man-Devil,

Either name you may give as you please;

By a mind ever brooding on evil

Hatch'd a Monster.—

MODERN EGYPT.

[From WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS relating to EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC TURKEY, &c.]

In our last Number we introduced our readers generally to this various and highly interesting work:—for our present Number we have selected the single part from the Journals of DR. HUME, entitled, "REMARKS ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MODERN INHABITANTS OF EGYPT," with some additional notices from MR. DAVISON'S MSS.

Dr. Hume sets out with an account of Rosetta, which he visited in 1801. This "Paradise of Egypt," which looks so imposing with its mosques and minarets at a distance, is found to be mean and ruinous. The streets are mere narrow lanes; the houses of brick, nearly touching across at top; the small latticed windows add to the gloom without, and the interiors are dark and incommodeous.

The lower orders of Egyptian Arabs are a quiet, inoffensive people, with many good qualities, "They are in general tall, and well made, possessing much muscular strength; yet of a thin spare habit. Their complexion is very dark, their eyes black and sparkling, and their teeth good. Upon the whole they are a fine race of men in their persons:"—they are active in agriculture, abstemious in food, and extremely moderate in the luxuries of household furniture and clothes. The mechanical trades are most unskillfully carried on; their manufacture rare few, the chief being those of cotton-cloth, which, dyed blue, serves for the almost universal use of man and woman; and a coarse open silk of various colours. The business of jewellers is followed in private, and the barbers are the only medical practitioners. In a country, where every man's head is shaved, it may be expected that this class is pretty numerous; but their knowledge of physic is confined within very narrow limits. A few surgical operations, the application of mercury, three or four standard medicines, and *charms* from the priest, called *Sufi*, form the whole of their circle of science for the cure of diseases. The latter will, at least, do no harm.

Arabic is generally spoken in Egypt; the Coptic is read as a dead language, and is understood by few. The Italian is much used both by Franks and Copts. "I saw (says Dr. Hume) no printed books in Arabic; the manuscripts are many of them beautifully written, and the notes are in red ink, or light blue. Other works are read beside the Koran; several of these I have seen in the shops of the transcribers. The natives when at school have sentences copied for them from the Koran; these they learn by heart. There are many Scribes, whose employment, like that of the ancient calligraphs, consists of writing out manuscripts for sale."

The Arabs have seldom more than two wives, the junior being always subservient to the elder in the affairs of the house.

The women colour their nails, the inside of their hands, and the soles of their feet with a deep orange colour, sometimes with one of a rosy appearance. This is done by means of henna. They likewise apply a

black dye to their eyelashes, eyebrows,⁴ and the hair of their head; a brilliancy, it is supposed, is thus given to the eye, and the sight is improved. The women, in general, I believe, can neither read nor write; but the better sort are taught embroidery and ornamental needle-work, in which they mostly pass their time.

The Ethiopian women brought to Egypt for sale, though black, are exceedingly beautiful: their features are regular, their eyes full of expression. A great number of them had been purchased by French during their stay in Egypt, who were anxious to dispose of them previous to their leaving the country, and it was the custom to bring them to the common market-place in the camp, sometimes in boys' clothes, at other times in the gaudiest female dress of the French fashion. The neck was in general naked, and the petticoat on one side tucked up to the knee, to show the elegant form of the limb. The price of these women was from sixty to a hundred dollars; while Arab women might be purchased at so low a price as ten. The Circassian women, who are brought to Egypt in great numbers, are exposed to sale in particular markets on khans, and fetch a price in proportion to their beauty.

Dr. Hume did not find the latter so beautiful as common rumour gives them out; the fairness of their complexions seems to be their greatest merit in this country, where the sex are so marketable a commodity. We will not follow our author through his short but amusing account of Egyptian marriages, religious rites, &c. but proceed to his notice of a singular race which we do not remember to have read so much of before.

There is a tribe of civilized Arabs in Egypt, who pretend that they are respected by serpents, and that no sort of snake can hurt them. As a proof of this, there is an annual procession of the tribe through the streets of Rosetta, of which I was a witness; one of their number is obliged to eat a living snake in public, or so much of it as to occasion its death. Probably the snake may have been rendered harmless by some means; the people, however, suppose that for some act of piety performed by the ancestors of this tribe or family (which is by no means numerous,) the prophet protects the descendants from the injury which the

⁴ Both these customs are of great antiquity; some of the nails of the Mummies have been found dyed with henna; and Shaw saw a joint of the donax taken out of a catacomb at Sa-carra, containing a bodkin, and an ounce or more of powder used for the purpose of ornamenting the eyes. Bodkius, which were employed in the same manner, are found at Herculanum, made of ivory. Dr. Russell describes the kohol used for the eyeballs, or inside of the eyelids; it is a kind of lead ore, and is brought from Persia. It is so much in request, that the poets of the east in allusion to the instruments used in applying it, say "The mountains of Ispahan have been worn away with a bodkin."

snakes might occasion. The ophiophagus, who is to keep up this ridiculous farce, being no doubt well paid, begins to eat the living reptile; a pretty large snake is held in his hands, which writhes its folds round his naked arm, as he bites at the head and body. Horror and fury are depicted in the man's countenance, and in a strong convulsive manner he puts the animal to death by eating and swallowing part of it alive. This disgusting and horrible spectacle, however, is but seldom exhibited at present.

There are many kinds of snakes and reptiles about the ruins in the environs of Alexandria; among them, some have fancied they discovered the asp. I have seen here the black scorpions, whose sting is reputed mortal; but this is a vulgar prejudice. The snake is esteemed sacred by the present Arab inhabitants of Egypt.

We shall relinquish any further notice of Dr. Hume's paper, which describes the habits and clothing of the Bedouin Arabs, in the Oases of the deserts of Barca; the wealth and sumptuous dresses of the Levantines or descendants of Europeans born in Egypt; the condition of the Copts, the most intelligent of the Egyptian population; and the fearful degradation of the Jewish traders; and conclude our Review by placing within a short compass several distinctly ascertained facts relative to the most celebrated antiquities of this ancient country. These are chiefly from the journal of the late Mr. DAVISON.

THE PYRAMIDS.—The large pyramid of Giza is formed of 208 steps, and measures 460 feet 11 inches in perpendicular height. Its square is 760 feet; and its top consists of six stones irregularly placed. The entrance is upon the sixteenth step, on the side facing the North; 350 feet distant from the N. E., and 396 from the N. W. corner,—consequently not in the middle as generally imagined. Two other steps have however been uncovered since Mr. Davison's measurement, adding between 8 and 9 feet to his calculation of height. The three pyramids of Cheops, Cephren, and Mycerinus, have their bases in proportion to their altitude, nearly as 8 to 5. Cheops is 448 feet high, its base 728 feet: Cephren 398 in height, base 655: and Mycerinus 162 to 280. Mr. Davison descended into a pit or well in the great pyramid to the depth of 155 feet, and found it impossible to proceed further: he also explored a room, over the chamber containing the sarcophagus, which had not been discovered by former travellers. Abdalatif mentions, in the 13th century, that the pyramids were covered with hieroglyphics, which would fill 10,000 volumes; but none exist in our times. It is supposed that the whole

outer casing of these stupendous monuments, has been destroyed or carried away. The third pyramid of Giza appears to have been covered with red granite, and it seems a reasonable theory that what is now steps in all three was originally a plain surface, which has been gradually removed in the lapse of ages. On this surface the inscription spoken of might have been graven.

The CATACOMBS, are likened to immense pigeon-houses—each hole holding its corpse. They consist of a vast number of subterranean apartments, cut out of very hard rock, and extend a long way. One of the grand doors resembles the Doric order in its architecture. Some of the chambers were ornamented with paintings, of which rude remains are yet visible. The mouth of each mummy's hole has a cornice round it: one inscription was thought from the form of the letters to be of the age of Alexander the Great. The Catacombs are in some places, three stories below each other; and there is a statue much defaced in one of the niches. The descent is perpendicular, and about 14 or 15 feet; on one side of solid rock, on the other of earth, threatening to fall in with every touch. The Catacombs were originally quarries, whence the cities around were built; the rock was then formed into crypts for the dead. From the scarcity of wood the Egyptians could not burn the bodies.

POMPEY'S PILLAR rests upon a stone which has hieroglyphics on it. They are inverted. The mass of testimony, or rather of hypothesis concerning it is, that it was erected by Pompeius, a Governor of Lower Egypt, under the reign of Diocletian, to whose honour it was dedicated. The Arabs call it *Amoud al Sawary*, or "The Pillars of the Colonades," alluding to the porticoes with which it was surrounded so late as the time of Salladin, the beginning of the 12th century.

AN EASY SYSTEM OF SHORT-HAND, upon an entirely new plan, founded on long practical experience: from its simplicity, and facility of acquirement, peculiarly calculated for persons who study by themselves. By JAMES MITCHELL, M. A. author of a Tour in Belgium, &c. &c. pp. 110.

The perfection to which the art of brachigraphy has risen, must be pleasing to all who are acquainted with its utility.

The causes of its having been more minutely studied, and reduced to greater practical use in this country than in any other, are obvious, when we consider

the many purposes for which it is employed—such as the report of debates in parliament, pleadings in courts of law, elegant and elaborate speeches delivered at public meetings, &c. &c. which, were it not for this useful art, would be very imperfectly obtained.

The importance of the stenographic art may be deduced from its antiquity, which is indubitable; for ARISTOTLE, CICERO, and others, mention writing by characters, signs, or marks;¹ though perhaps the true principles of this practice have not been known till later times. QUINTILIAN speaks of persons who wrote by these notes or marks;² and SESTONIUS notices one who noted down, with the greatest dispatch, the words of the speaker.³

The author of the present system (most decidedly the simplest and best that we have yet seen) appears, from his preface, to have been many years a teacher of short-hand, and has been in the habit of remarking the difficulties which occurred in the acquisition of the art, and contriving the means of obviating them. In the treatise before us, are given several chapters of the Bible printed in common characters, according to the abbreviated spelling proper for short-hand, the perusal of which will teach that part of the art, and greatly facilitate the reading of short-hand, which is generally more difficult than the writing.

Various practical directions are given, by which proficients may carry the art to the utmost perfection; and a numerous list of arbitrary characters, for words in frequent use in different professions.

On the whole, from the assistance we have seen derived by the use of it in professional duties, we can safely recommend it to the public.

GOETHE'S LIFE, by Himself.

Of the first three volumes of Goethe's Life of himself, the Edinburgh Review, in its long and interesting article thereon, (No. LII. for June, 1816.) gives a just and entertaining, though rather a severe, analysis. It is from the continuation of that work, which has not yet reached this country in a saleable form, that we derive the selections in our publication of the 6th, and those which follow. To show that we are not alone in our opinion of the merits of this production, we shall preface these further extracts with a sentiment of the Review just quoted. "From the bulk of the three volumes

we have now gone over, it is satisfactory to think how much pleasure we have yet to come, if, as we hope and trust, the work is to be continued by him on the same comprehensive plan." p. 337.

The fine ridicule of a false taste may be read with advantage *out of Italy*.

Palermo, Monday, 9th April, 1787.

This whole day we have been taken up with the nonsense of the Prince of Palagonia, and have found these follies very different from what we had imagined, after what we had read and heard of them. For with the greatest love of truth, he who has to produce an account of what is absurd, is always embarrassed; he desires to give an idea of it, and thus he makes it something, though it is properly nothing, which pretends to pass for something. And so I must premise another general reflection, that neither the most absurd nor the most admirable proceed immediately from one man, from one age, but that one may on the contrary, with some attention, assign to both the same gene-

The fountain in Palermo is among the precursors of the Palagonian madness; only that this latter, here on its own ground, flourishes in unrestrained vigour. I will endeavour to unravel the progress of its origin.

When a country-house in these parts lies more or less in the middle of the whole estate, and in order to reach the mansion one has to drive through cultivated fields, kitchen-gardens, &c. the people show themselves more economical than the inhabitants of the north, who often employ a large extent of good ground for a park, in order to please the eye with unfruitful shrubs.—Here, in the south, they build two walls, between which you go to the mansion, without any prospect either to the right or the left. This road generally begins with a great portal, perhaps with an arched-way, and ends in the court-yard of the mansion. But that they may not be wholly without entertainment between these walls, they are scolloped out at the top, and ornamented with scrolls and pedestals, upon which, perhaps, there stands a vase here and there. The plain parts are divided into compartments, and painted. The court-yard is surrounded with a circle of buildings, of one story, inhabited by the servants and workmen: the square-formed mansion rises above all.

This is the nature of the arrangement, as it probably existed till the father of the Prince built the mansion, not indeed in the most excellent, but in a tolerable style.—But the present owner, without departing from those general principles, gives full scope to his passion for deformed, absurd images; and it is doing him far too much honour to allow him a spark of imagination.

We enter the great hall which begins at the boundary of the estate, and find an octagon, very high in proportion to its breadth. Four enormous giants, with modern tight-buttoned gaiters, support the cornice, on which, directly opposite the entrance, there is the Holy Trinity.

The way to the mansion is broader than

usual; the wall is converted into a continued high casement, upon which raised pedestals bear strange groupes; in the intervals between which several vases are placed. The disgust excited by these deformities, bunglingly executed by the most common masons, is increased by their being made of the most ordinary calcareous stone; yet better materials would render the worthlessness of the form more evident. I just now said groupes, and used a false expression, improper in this place; for those are not placed together in consequence of any reflection, or even design; they are, as it were, thrown together at random. Three of them always form the ornament of such a square pedestal, their bases being so made, that placed together in various positions, they fill up the square space. The principal one generally consists of two figures, and their base occupies the largest front part of the pedestal; these are generally monsters in the form of beasts or men. To fill up the back part of the surface of the pedestal, two pieces are wanting; the one, of a middling size, generally represents a shepherd or a shepherdess, a gentleman or a lady, a dancing ape or dog. There still remains a vacancy on the pedestal; this is generally filled up with a dwarf, for this race of beings ever acts a great part in dull jokes.

That we may fully record the elements of the madness of the Prince of Palagonia, we give the following catalogue:—

Men: beggars, both men and women, Spaniards of both sexes, Turks, Moors, hunchbacks, all kinds of cripples, or deformed persons, dwarfs, musicians, punchinello, soldiers in ancient costume, gods, goddesses, people in the old French costume, soldiers with cartouch-boxes and gaiters, mythological characters with ridiculous additions. Achilles and Chiron with Punchinello.—*Animals*: only parts of them; horses with human hands; horses' heads and human bodies, disfigured apes, many dragons and serpents, all kinds of paws to figures of all kinds; hermaphrodites, or double figures; changes of the heads.—*Vases*: all kinds of monsters and caprices which terminate below in the bodies and feet of vases.

Conceive, now, hundreds of such figures, formed without sense or meaning, put together without taste or design: conceive this base, these pedestals and monsters in endless perspective; you will feel the unpleasant sensation which every one must experience, who has to run this gauntlet of insanity.

We approach the mansion and come to a semi-circular fore-court; the main wall opposite, in which is the gate-way, is like the wall of a fortress. Here we find an Egyptian figure, fixed in the wall, a fountain without water, a monument, vases lying scattered about, and statues purposely laid with the face downwards. We enter the court-yard, and find the usual circle surrounded with buildings, built out into several half-circles, that there may be no want of variety.

The ground is for the most part overgrown with grass. Here, as in a dilapidated church-yard, there are shapely ornamented marble vases, from the father's time; dwarfs,

¹ Itaque hoc idem Aristoteles mythologis appellat, quod Latine est nota. CIC.

² Quae scribunt notis.

³ Notis (verbis) excipiebat velocissime.

and other deformities of the new epoch, all thrown together in confusion, no place having yet been found for them. There is even a building quite full of old vases, and other carved stone.

The folly of such an absurd way of thinking is shown in the highest degree in this circumstance, that the cornices of the little buildings are all awry, declining obliquely to one side or the other: the line of the roofs is set with hydras and busts, with choruses of monkeys playing on musical instruments, and similar follies. Dragons standing alternately with Gods, and an Atlas bearing a wine-barrel instead of a globe.

If you think to escape all this by retreating to the palace, which was built by the father, and has comparatively a reasonable appearance on the outside, you find not far from the door, the laurel-crowned head of a Roman Emperor, on a dwarf's body, which sits upon a dolphin.

In the palace itself, whose exterior leads you to expect a tolerable interior, the fever of the Prince again begins to rage. The feet of the chairs are sawn of unequal length, so that nobody can sit down upon them, and the porter warns you against the chairs on which you might sit, because pins are stuck under their velvet seats. Candelabras of Chinese porcelain stand in the corners, which, on a nearer examination, are found to be composed of single dishes, cups, and saucers, cemented together. Even the incomparable view over the cape to the sea, is spoiled by coloured panes of glass, which, by a false tone, make the scene appear either cold or fiery. I must mention one cabinet, the walls of which are composed of old gilt frames, cut to pieces, and nailed close together. The carving of a hundred different patterns; all the various stages of ancient or more modern gilding, more or less dusty and damaged, cover here all the walls, and give the idea of a broker's lumber-room.

It would take a volume to describe the chapel alone. Here we find the key to the whole madness, which could not branch out to this extent in any other than a bigotted mind. How many a ridiculous image of a mistaken devotion there may be here, I leave you to guess: I will, however, not suppress the best of all. A carved crucifix, of considerable size, is fastened flat to the ceiling, painted in the natural colours, and varnished with a mixture of gilding. A hook is screwed into the navel of our Saviour; a chain suspended from it, is fastened to the head of a man, praying on his knees, and hanging in the air, which, painted and varnished like all the figures in the church, is probably meant as a symbol of the incessant devotion of the owner.

As for the rest of the palace it is not finished: a large saloon, which the father had begun to ornament in a rich and diversified, but not unpleasing style, has remained in statu quo, as the boundless insanity of the owner cannot come to a conclusion with his follies.

Our friend Kniep, whose feelings as an artist were driven to despair in this madhouse, was for the first time impatient; he hurried me on while I was trying to analyze and methodize the elements of this mis-crea-

tion. At last he goodnaturedly sketched one of the groups, which made a kind of a composition. It represents a female centaur sitting on a seat, playing cards opposite to a cavalier, dressed in antique costume, with the head of a very old man, bearing a crown and a large wig; and calls to mind the arms of the house of Palagonia, which, after all this madness, are remarkable—a satyr holds a looking-glass to a woman, who has the head of a horse.

Palermo, 12th April, 1787.

This evening I was gratified by the fulfilment of a wish, and that in a particular manner. I was in the great street on the foot-pavement, and joking with a tradesman, when suddenly a tall well-dressed footman came up hastily, presenting a silver plate, on which lay several pieces of copper, and a few of silver coin. As I did not know what it meant, I shrugged my shoulders, nodding my head, the usual sign by which one excuses one's-self, whether one does not, or will not, understand the proposal or question. He was gone as quickly as he came, and I now saw his comrade on the other side of the street, employed in the same manner.

What does that mean? said I to the tradesman, who, with an expressive mien, and as it were by stealth, pointed to a tall thin man, who, in a court-dress, walked with much gravity and composure over the dirt. With his hair frizzed and powdered, his hat under his arm, in a silk dress, a sword at his side, neat shoes with diamond buckles; the old man walked gravely and calmly forward; all eyes were fixed upon him.

"That is the Prince of Palagonia," said the tradesman, "who from time to time goes through the city, and collects money to ransom the slaves captured by the Barbary pirates. It is true this collection never produces much; but the subject is called to mind, and those who give nothing when living, often bequeath handsome sums for this purpose. The prince has been many years at the head of this institution, and has done infinite good."

Instead of squandering such large sums, exclaimed I, on the follies of his palace, he should have employed them to this end. No prince in the world would have performed more.

"Ah!" said the tradesman to this, "that is the way with us all; for our follies we are willing enough to pay ourselves; others must furnish the money to defray the expense of our virtues.

COUNT PASTORET'S HISTORY OF LEGISLATION. 4 vols. 8vo. [FRENCH LITERATURE.]

Agreeably to the pledge in our last Number, we now proceed to finish the analysis of this very important and highly instructive publication.

Military Laws.—Among the Assyrians, the king had the right to dispose of his subjects for the purposes of war; he fixed the number of soldiers, whom each governor was to choose among the flower of the youth. The soldiers took an oath of fidelity to the king; and, as despotism was afraid of the

military power, the king took the precaution of changing the garrisons and the chiefs of the army every year. No Assyrian was admitted into the king's guard.

In Egypt, on the contrary, the men who were born in the class of warriors were from caste necessarily devoted to that profession. The law declared the disobedient soldier, and the still more guilty soldier who deserted his colours, infamous. This disgrace, which the legislator preferred to capital penalties, gives an honorable idea of the character of the Egyptians, and of that of their princes.

A fact will prove how sensible the Egyptian warriors were to this effect of opinion, which the moderns call the point of honor. Psammeticus having placed his confidence in foreign troops, the national warriors were incensed at it. "Two hundred thousand, it is said, abandoned his standards. Persons were sent in vain to conciliate them; in vain the king, who followed them, conjured them not to quit their country, their wives, their children, their temples. 'As long as we shall retain these arms,' said they, striking their javelins on their shields, 'it will be easy for us to find a country.'

The laws in general respecting the soldiery tended to make their profession respectable, and long preserved Egypt from the misfortune of having recourse to the mercenary aid of foreign troops. The army was absolutely dependent on the king, who assembled or disbanded the troops at his pleasure.

Civil and Criminal Laws: the Administration of Justice.—Among the Assyrians and Babylonians, there was a celebrated law: every year, on a certain day, the marriageable virgins were assembled in the middle of a public square, and exposed to sale, as in a market: first those were put up, whom nature had endowed with sufficient charms to deserve that the advantage of espousing them should be paid for: the money thus raised served to portion those whom nature had not favored, who were disposed of to husbands contented with the smallest sum. Divorces took place: adoption was authorized: brothers and sisters could marry. Concubines were tolerated; but the Assyrians had never more than one legitimate spouse. The sick were exposed in public, for the purpose of questioning those who passed by, on the means of being useful to them.

In respect to the criminal law, the most common capital punishments were, to deliver the condemned to the flames or to wild beasts: sometimes even an entire class of the citizens was cruelly condemned in a mass; in some instances, the house of the guilty was razed; children were punished for the crimes of their fathers. Historical facts prove the existence of the law of retaliation. Assyrians distinguished for their birth, their age, and their conduct, exercised the criminal magistracy; some were charged with the punishment of adultery, others of theft, and others of all species of violence. Particular tribunals punished the crimes committed in the army.

The following are the details which the author has collected on this part of the

Egyptian legislation. "The paternal authority," says he, "is in the habits and the principles of the government, of a single person. It existed in Egypt. If there were any slaves, they were foreigners. The enfranchisement of slaves was customary: there was, even near the mouths of the Nile, a memorable temple; if a slave took refuge in it, and caused the sacred *stigmata* to be impressed on his body, he belonged to the god, and no mortal hand could afterwards be laid on him. Secure in this temple, he might prosecute his master in the courts of justice.

The priests alone were bound to monogamy; the other Egyptians were at liberty to have several wives; the law did not prohibit the marriage of brother and sister. The disgrace attached to the name of bastard was unknown. All children were legitimate; adoption took place of course among a people who prized fecundity so highly. The children were placed under the protection of a divinity whose name they bore. The author, speaking of the duty which nature imposes on parents, to take care of their children in their youth, and on the latter to support their parents in their old age, maintains, with reason, that the power of dispensing with this duty, is not among the attributes of the law. . . . An insolvent debtor was liable to imprisonment; this law was abrogated by Bocchoris. A remarkable law mentioned by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, is that which forbade a person to borrow, unless he pledged his father's body. A creditor could become master of the sepulchre of the debtor, who thus lost the advantage of reposing in the tomb of his ancestors, till the descendants, richer, or more honest, by paying the debt, redeemed the right and the honor of the family burial-place. . . . All murderers were punished with death, whatever the rank of the criminal, and whether he had killed a free man or a slave; he who might have prevented a murder and had neglected this duty, was prosecuted as an accomplice. . . . He who had killed a sacred animal was punished with death. Suicide seems not to have been considered as a crime; perjury was subjected to capital punishment; sometimes a convicted liar suffered the same punishment. Sometimes too the guilty were condemned to work in the mines; this was the severest of the corporal punishments, not capital. Sentences of fine, or confiscation were passed, according to the nature of the crime, torture was employed. The execution of criminals was conducted with humanity. That they might not be sensible of their ignominious death, they were intoxicated before they were led to punishment. A woman with child could not be executed; a vigilant and sublime law which has received the eulogium of all enlightened nations by their adoption of it.

The legislation of Egypt, says M. Pastoret, was better in general than its government, and this was one of the causes that contributed to make it more moderate. The account given of the manner in which the tribunals were constituted, seems to show that it was calculated to insure the impartial

administration of justice. The custom of trying the deceased, before they were permitted to be buried, is too well known to be dwelt upon here.

Religious Laws.—To the Chaldeans and the Magi the honour is done of believing them to have been the first who taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

The chief dogmas of the Assyrians were, the eternity of matter, the arrangement and organisation of the universe by a Supreme Will and Power. They adored the sun. According to Diodorus, it was in the temple of that divinity, that the greatest discoveries were made of which Astronomy could boast. In fact the description given by Herodotus of the temple of the divinity, whom he calls Jupiter Belus, resembles that of an observatory more than that of a temple.

The Assyrians consulted the flight of birds, the entrails of victims, the motions of the stars: Astronomy became among them the art of predicting future events. They had interpreters of dreams. About the Kings were diviners who had a chief. The prophet Daniel was invested with this office.

With respect to the religious laws of the Egyptians, the author takes great pains to exonerate them from the reproach of having paid adoration to men, and of having offered religious homage to the onions and leeks which grew in their gardens. As for the worship paid to animals, the idea that the Egyptians deified them is so general, that the author, before he combats it, confesses that he may be accused of maintaining a paradox. We must refer to the work itself for the details. The order of the priests was divided into several colleges. Women were excluded from the priesthood, and the priests were bound to several ceremonies. The author thinks that it is more probable that the Jews received the practice of circumcision from the Egyptians, than that the latter had it from the Jews. He is of opinion, that it was not confined to the priests, but common to all the inhabitants of Egypt.

Legislation of the Syrians.—The want of sufficient documents and monuments renders this the most difficult part of the subject. The author having here no guide but the scattered passages in the sacred and profane writings of the Hebrews, if he has under these circumstances been sometimes tempted to infer general conclusions from a single fact, he has also carefully indicated all the authorities on which he relies; and we think he has done well in not rejecting several of these as well as other materials, since the learned reader will be able to judge readily of the degree of credit due to such statements as are admitted, whereas it would have been difficult to discover what the author had rejected. It is probable that several of Count Pastoret's opinions may receive confirmation in the sequel of this most important work.

Legislation of the Hebrews.—Though this is the most considerable part of the work, and its importance would justify a profound investigation, we however abstain from it, because the legislation of the Hebrews is

much better known than that of the ancient people, and what we could say would not satisfy or even excite the curiosity of our readers. M. Pastoret had already published, in 1788, a work intituled "Moses considered as a Legislator and a Moralist." The present work is, however, far more satisfactory on many most important points, and conducts the reader without effort and with a continually increasing interest to the knowledge of this legislation, so remarkable both in itself and for the influence which it has had on the opinions of so many nations.

DU BONHEUR QUE PROCLURE L'ETUDE. A Paris, 1 vol. 8vo.

(From the French.)

A collection of essays has recently been published in Paris, entitled, "Of the Happiness obtained by Study," and having the name of the *Chancelier de l'Hôpital* annexed to it. This is an attractive title. We must, however, observe, that out of the 240 pages, of which the volume is composed, only thirty are the production of the great man whose name it bears. The rest is a selection from various writers ancient and modern, and the extracts by no means disgrace the leading feature, even with all its excellence. This work does not interest merely by a delicious description of the charms of study, and the happiness of rural life, or by depicting the calm philosophy of a mind which never suffered itself to be seduced by grandeur, nor depressed by misfortune. We peruse with enthusiasm those sentiments which were then disavowed by the factious, as they have been during our own time. The following was addressed by the *Chancelier de l'Hôpital* to Frenchmen who were divided by religious opinions, and it may with equal justice be applied to those who now differ on politics:—"What is your infatuation? You have the same God, the same king, the same country; you breathe the same air, you enjoy the light of the same heaven; cities, tribunals, laws, sentences, all are common to you; and yet, O! band of brothers, an impious animosity prevails among you, as though, differing in arms and in language, you came from the two opposite extremities of the globe."

The following was written on the young and unfortunate Charles IX. and the fatal day of which, together with some others more recent, we would wish to exclaim *excusat!* "Can it be that, at the close of my life, heaven has rendered me a witness to such horrid events; and who will dare to assert, that a young prince, of an exalted character, should suddenly become a ferocious tyrant, after having been so gentle and generous. *** No, sanguinary orders have never been voluntarily approved by that royal hand: the magnanimous kings of France never suffered their candour to yield to such artifice and perfidy; when they declared themselves enemies, they did it openly; they marched to battle at the head of their brave troops, and clothed themselves in brilliant armour, in order that they might be distinguished. Those generous souls believed that nothing could exist but what was blameless and without reproach."

Who would not be proud of such recollections of our noble monarchy? To make us acquainted with the history of our country, and to teach us to respect our ancestors, are not the most unimportant advantages arising from study.

From this source, and the holy books, which he terms the most delicious food of the mind, and the safest harbour against the storms of life, the Chancelier de l'Hôpital collected those exalted sentiments of patriotism and honor, those virtuous inspirations, which guided his conduct at court, consoled him in retirement, and inspired him with courage to brave the threats of the perverse wretches who at that period ruled the King and France. He was one day warned that assassins had been sent to murder him:—*Ah! he exclaimed, let them enter, and if the door is not large enough, throw open the great folding doors.* “The history which I have just been reading,” added he, “teaches me that there is a sort of veneration inspired by the presence of a man of great energy.” Medecis herself sent her guards to protect him, and Charles IX. wrote that he should not want him.

This pleasing essay, though it was not written by the Chancelier de l'Hôpital in the form in which it is now presented to us; is a tasteful and judicious compilation of fragments extracted and translated from his Latin poems, by the Chevalier de Langeac, the author of the present collection;—the execution is as perfect as the idea is happy.

Had the same labour been bestowed on Cicero, who has furnished the author with numerous quotations, he might have produced an essay which the friends of literature and sound philosophy would have perused with no less delight. The materials were not wanting; Cicero wrote a vast number of epistles and treatises in circumstances nearly parallel to those in which the Chancelier de l'Hôpital was placed: both filled their eminent functions with courage and integrity;—both saw their administration succeeded by dissensions and troubles which they vainly attempted to repress; finally, both pursued by factions, sought consolation in literature, friendship, religion, and morality; and their lives were not less honored by their noble hours of leisure than by their public services. We should gladly have seen these two great men placed side by side. Cicero merited this distinction, though he was not quite equal to De l'Hôpital in character and virtue, founded on vigour of mind.

We do not feel the same regret with regard to Seneca, whose name recurs very frequently in the course of this compilation; his life was not sufficiently pure, nor his doctrine sufficiently reasonable; he is, besides, too frequently false and forced; in this respect he borders closely on the doctrine of the 18th century, though as a moralist he must not be confounded with any of the writers of that age. If he possessed no more sincerity than they, he at least would not teach mankind to despise morality and religion, and his extravagant stoicism might even tend to elevate the mind; but more gentleness is requisite to

describe and make us sensible of the charms of study. Seneca himself departed from the pure and simple taste of the ancients, and our modern writers are still farther removed from it. Notwithstanding the care with which the pieces for this publication have been selected, we can in general trace the pretension, pride, and quackery, from which even they who were most anxious to avoid any criminal error were not exempt.

Our latest models of the true character of the friends of study, are the academicians whose lives and labours have been traced by Fontenelle in his justly celebrated *Eloge*. There is a very agreeable essay on this subject in M. de Langeac's collection. When the influence of our kings, who have ever shown themselves the generous and enlightened protectors of letters, shall have turned them aside from the career of ambition and intrigue, they will again flourish and fulfil their most noble and useful destination; which is to embellish prosperity, to console misfortune, to augment and extend the influence of moral sentiments, rather than to diffuse knowledge which frequently degenerates and grows corrupt by becoming too popular.

This collection seems to be the result of the studies and researches made by M. Langeac in order to discuss the subject proposed last year by the Academy. It concludes with a poem, which will not appear unworthy of those with which we were made acquainted by one of the most brilliant meetings that has for a long time taken place. The friends of literature will peruse with interest a Work which, on account of the distinguished names that are quoted in it, as well as the pieces it contains, holds out fresh inducements for them to place their whole pride and happiness in study.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HAZLITT'S CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Mary-le-bone, Oct. 17.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir, In the recent perusal of a work entitled, “Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,” I was astonished at the absurdity of a position, which, were it supported by reason and practical experience, would reduce Shakspeare to an unadmired author, and Milton to a dead letter; and the more, at the circumstance of this position originating with one who evidently proclaims himself, in limine, an enthusiastic admirer of the great poet of nature. The passage I allude to is as follows:—“Such poetry as a man deliberately writes, such and such only will he like.” (I do not remark on the cacophony of thrice-repeated such.)—This assertion is made by the author for the purpose of establishing how unqualified was Dr. Johnson for a judge of Shakspeare, or generally of any “poetry, unless it fell within the limits and the rules of prose.” How then does Mr.

Hazlitt become the judge and the admirer of Shakspeare?

Does Mr. Hazlitt “deliberately write,” as he did?

Does Mr. Hazlitt's

“Eye in a fine frenzy rolling
Glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven:
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown,”

Does Mr. Hazlitt's pen

“Turn them to shape, and give to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name?”

If the author be thus inspired by the Muse, if he can thus “approximate the remote, and familiarize the wonderful,” he has to answer to the world for having so long deprived it of the valuable essays of his genius. But if he be incapable of such performances; if he can only enjoy, without emulating Shakspeare, by what right does he assume that office, which his own unqualified rule denies to others?

That this, and no other meaning, the sentence which I have cited is intended to convey, a subsequent passage evinces. “Dr. Johnson,” says he, “would no more be able to give the description of Dover Cliff in Lear, or the flowers in The Winter's Tale, than to describe the object of a sixth sense.” Is then the faculty of feeling the abundant, though recondite beauties of our illustrious bard, given only to him, who “inherits the pride and ample pinions

That the swan of Avon bear.”

Mr. Editor, were we to accede to this groundless position, we should at once impugn the judgment of the most acute critics, of the most elegant prose-writers, who have adorned the literature of this or of any other country.

To show the absurdity of the assertion, without going back to old time, I will only mention one critic in our own language, on each of the three great epic poets, for to enlarge on this subject, or even to select those, who have alone excelled in pointing out the superiority of others, would be an endless task.

No man, perhaps, was ever more sensibly alive to the beauties of his favourite bard than was Blackwell to those of “The blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle.” His essay on the life and writings of Homer, will do honour to his learning and judgment, when all else he ever wrote shall be forgotten.

Wharton's translation of Virgil's Georgics breathes the very spirit of the original in so much so, that in this instance Dryden himself must give place to him. This, and his notes to that poet generally, will satisfy the most scrupulous of his conception and admiration of Virgil's

powers. Yet, though Wharton was an elegant scholar, and a "deliberate" writer, his own productions do not much resemble Virgil.

Addison's critical papers on Milton will be read as long as the language in which they are conveyed shall last; it cannot be denied, indeed, that his *Cato* sometimes rises to the sublime, yet Addison was not wont to

"Pass the flaming bounds of place and time."
(*annis aliquis vias.*)

But if it be admitted, as indeed it must, that these and other excellent writers have felt, admired, and recorded the beauties of those whose works they reviewed, and have never "deliberately written such poetry" themselves, the position that—"Such poetry as a man deliberately writes, such and such only will he like," must of necessity be abandoned. The disrespect shown to the great opinions of Johnson, notwithstanding Mr. Hazlitt's pompous declaration of respect, and even personal esteem, I can only look on in the light of that small jealousy, which too often exists between two of the same profession; aye, even between bards, thus saith the most ancient:

"*καὶ καρπεῖται καρπεῖ κοράς, καὶ τέκτοντι τέκτων*
καὶ πτυχάς πτυχό φορέει, καὶ ΛΟΙΔΟΣ ΛΟΙΔΑ."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
MUSIS AMICUS.

P.S. I have purposely omitted any remark on the inutility and the absurdity of the book itself, of which the Edinburgh Reviewers (of whom, by the bye, I hear Mr. Hazlitt is one,) have made so flattering a report.—Alas! poor Bard, what hast thou done to merit such a friend?

LETTERS ON SWEDEN.

BY BARON BURGOING.

LETTER VII.

To my Friend Sch—

Stockholm, 1804.

SUPERSTITION.—SWEDENBORG'S SECT.

It would perhaps be a mistake to believe that Swedenborg had many adherents in his own country. They are either very rare, or they hide themselves under an impenetrable veil. In many towns where I made some stay, I formed acquaintance with men of learning, naturalists and philosophers (in the better sense of the word;) all of them had the same opinion of Swedenborgianism as you and I. They could hardly name to me a dozen persons of whom it could be certainly said that they belonged to this sect. Of these there were about three or four in Stockholm.

Of one of these last, I myself made inquiries, but he avoided every particular declaration, and contented himself with saying that Swedenborg, whom he had known very

well, was a very learned and excellent man, but entertained many singular ideas, which might well be excused, because they hurt nobody. In his youth he had often heard Swedenborg discourse on subjects of physics and natural history. "Then it sometimes happened that S. suddenly stopped, rose up and smiled, and with a friendly look made a bow to beings who were visible to him alone." "They are spirits," said he, "who visit me as they go by: I must show them how much I value the attention they pay me: now they are gone again, I may continue." "Indeed," concluded the reader, "S. immediately resumed the thread of his discourse very deliberately." I had heard of another very decided Swedenborgian, but one who was almost as invisible as the spirits with whom he was connected. By chance I met him at a third place. The man was serious and by no means timid, and spoke with a modest reserve on many grave subjects. He seemed to me to be a very well educated, and good man, though I could not without extreme rudeness lead him to the subject of my curiosity. But if I have not hitherto found in Sweden any avowed Swedenborgians, I have however discovered that this sect has very zealous partisans out of Sweden, and that there are great numbers in Paris as well as in many towns in France and Switzerland, but still more in England. I have even seen letters from them, in which they inquire with great uneasiness whether the *sacred fire* is wholly extinguished in its own country, whether the doctrine of the *new kingdom* is still in vigor, whether the restoration of the *exegetic society* was still to be hoped, and the like questions not very intelligible to the uninitiated like me. These letters had besides one singularity. They were dated not only as usual according to the Christian era, but by another, probably peculiar to this sect. Thus one of the year 1802, was dated in the year 45 since the *day of judgment*: who would have thought that this event had already happened in the year 1757?

From the circumstance that in the year 1790, Mr. August Nordensciod (otherwise a man of polished education, who gained much credit as Swedish Envoy in Hamburg,) dedicated to Gustavus the Third a work on the community of the new Jerusalem, some had concluded that the King himself favoured Swedenborgianism. Nordensciod in his book promises the King very gravely, that if he favours the community, his name shall like that, live to the latest posterity. Gustavus did nothing more in accepting the dedication of this work, than give another proof of his tolerant spirit, which knew how to treat even Swedenborgianism with indulgence; his personal belief, neither sufficiently firm nor precise, was a problem even to those nearest to him. The King did not suffer any joke to be made of the Christian religion; he seemed to reckon it among those things which are to be respected, rather than inquired into. Yet he was a friend of the marvellous, and even inclined to superstition. He considered not only a future life—but also the possibility of being already in this life in connection with the

powers of the world of spirits, as proved; and it is certain, for instance, that he many times consulted an old fortune-teller named Arfwedson, who died after my arrival in Stockholm. It is not less certain that this same woman recommended to him before his journey to Italy, previous to 1789, therefore not *post factum*, to be on guard against red dresses; and that the first person who met him in such a one, was the same Count Ribbing who twenty years afterwards was among the number of his assassins, and at that time enjoyed the greatest favour at court, on account of the intimacy which subsisted between his mother and the mother of the King.

To lessen the wonder of this event it is necessary to add that the King went up to the Count and told him what he had just been advised to do, and pretended to laugh at it; that however his aversion to this favourite, may be properly dated from that moment, and may partly explain, without a particular miracle, how Ribbing became one of the most inveterate enemies of Gustavus. The fear of the King to meet with red dresses, displayed itself after this on many occasions. During his stay in Rome he went to pay a visit at the Vatican. He is received by two cardinals. He starts at their appearance, for he remembers that he has forgot the protecting talisman which he constantly used to wear on his breast in a satin bag! He does not go a step farther, but quickly sends one of his confidential attendants, Count Taube, to fetch it, hangs it on, and then walks on with composure and confidence! As he is going back to his hotel he learns that a traveller in a red coat is waiting for him. A new alarm! but the King soon however becomes easy, when he discovers in the much dreaded traveller Count Axel Fersen, who at that time was visiting Italy, and came to Rome to pay his respects to the King.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT SKELETON IN EAST FRIESLAND.

In the month of July this year (1817), there was found near Friedeburg, in the Commune of Ezel, by some persons who were digging turf, in the middle of the bog, and at the bottom of the turf moor, a human skeleton. The dress and situation point out a very remote antiquity. It lay in a hollow, filled with mossy ground, kept down by strong oak piles laid across the body. The dress consisted of a coarse hair-cloth, milled, and not woven, without seams and buttons, with wide arm-holes, and a hole for the neck. The small-clothes of the same cloth, and only made with straps to draw round the body, without any buttons. The shoes made of one piece of hide, without seam or soles, but all of raw untanned leather, on which reddish cow-hair was still visible. The shoes had over the foot, beginning at the toes, holes with thongs to draw; opposite every hole on the outer side of the foot, there was a little star cut out, surrounded with a circle, and these stars were connected with a very tasteful and well-de-

fined foliage. All was in good preservation, as decay does not ensue for a prodigious length of time in the moor, on account of its resinous parts; insomuch that in East Friesland, in such situations, in the middle of the country lying 25 or 30 feet higher than the daily tide, great trunks of trees, hazel-nuts, &c. are found; the former of which must have been overthrown several thousand years before the origin of the mors, and so by degrees have been grown over with turf from 10 to 12 feet deep;—it being proved, and evident, that all turf-moors, as in East Friesland, Holland, &c. &c., consist entirely of moss and parts of plants. The bones of the old Frieslander, which were thus found in July, had probably reposed there for more than 2000 years! To judge by the ornaments of the shoes, he was a rich man; perhaps his people looked upon him as a sorcerer, whom his contemporaries, to be secure that he would not appear to them after his death, buried in this moor, and then covered with heavy piles. As the skeleton was found on the Mother-sand, it is clear that the body was laid there before the origin of the moor. The dress also without seams and buttons, and the shoes without soles or any seam, denote a very high antiquity. There had before been found in the moors of this country, shoes of a very remote age, and which, from their surprising size, must have belonged to a race of men of very large stature; but these had coarse and strong soles, with a thick rim, which was fastened with a strap to the upper leather; while those now found were, as we have stated, without any soles. There have likewise been found in these moors, amber-beads, which were of a singular form, and drawn upon a thread of white and black horse-hair, which likewise seem to indicate a remote age. However, the ornaments cut in the raw leather, out of which the shoes are made, on account of the correctness of the drawing, and taste of the execution, are really wonderful for so rude an era. This singular relic, remarkable as a monument of ancient times, is preserved at Aurich.

NEW MATERIAL FOR DYEING.—Mr. Francis Schams, an apothecary at Peterwardein, recommended three years ago the root of the *Nymphaea-alba* to dye black. Since that time many dyers have made successful trials of it, and the discoverer lately sent some of the roots to the Imperial Economical Society at Prague, which, after a very strict examination, delivered the following opinion:—Although these roots, in respect to the production of colours, are inferior to galls, they have proved extremely proper for dyeing black and grey, for which purpose they serve perfectly instead of galls. It even seems as if the colour produced by the *Nymphaea* is more brilliant.

In a Geographical Dictionary which appeared in the year 1805, at Nuremberg, we read, p. 471, under the article Clermont, a town in Lower Auvergne, literally as follows: "It has many convents, in one of which the confessor of Jesus Christ is buried with his wife."

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Wednesday morning last week, Mr. West delivered a lecture to the Students of the Royal Academy, of which the following account has appeared in the daily papers. We copy it, having had no better opportunity of gratifying our readers by a more extended notice:

" It consisted of observations on the principles of colour, and on the application of those principles to the art of painting. Mr. West began by observing, that light is the source of colour, and that the colours of the rainbow are to be considered as a rule for the distribution of colours in a picture. In order more clearly to express his idea, the venerable President exhibited a painting which he had executed for the occasion, containing the representation of two globes, one of which was colourless, and the other tinted with the prismatic colours. On the former he pointed out the existence of central light, shade, and reflection, of which all natural objects partake, as they are all in some degree round. By the second, he explained how the colours of the rainbow expressed the different degrees of light, half-tint, and reflection; and showed how perfectly well the arrangement of these colours was adapted to the purposes of painting. Considered in this light, he maintained that the Cartoons of Raphael are among the finest specimens of composition of colour, and referred particularly to the Charge to Peter, Paul preaching at Athens, and Elymas struck blind, as proofs of that painter's attention to the principles of colour which he had here laid down. Titian did not understand the true arrangement of colour until he visited Rome in an advanced period of his life, and after Raphael had fixed it on unerring principles.

" Mr. West then reminded the students of the great advantages they possessed in the Elgin marbles and the Cartoons of Raphael; and after advising them to attend to the cultivation of their minds as much as to the attainment of facility in manual execution, concluded his lecture by expressing his intention of publishing, at some future period, a more full and minute explanation of the principles he had thus slightly indicated."

On Monday evening Mr. Carlisle concluded his course of lectures on Anatomy, as connected with the Fine Arts. These lectures being merely elementary; not addressed to new discoveries, which are indeed impossible, so long as nature retains the same immutable forms and principles as when painting and sculpture first existed; and illustrated by apparatus which cannot be transferred to description in words, so as to be intelligible, at least without long periphrase, not likely to be acceptable to our readers, we are induced to dismiss them with a very brief record. Having on preceding evenings pointed out the structure of the

bones, and the movements of the joints in the human frame, and also the muscles in a quiescent state, Mr. Carlisle on Monday directed the attention of the students to that very important branch of the art which marks the action of the figure by a distinct anatomical display of propriety in the corresponding muscular motion. He designated the principal muscles belonging to our system, and with the aid of a stout man, whom he placed in various attitudes and modes of action, showed in what manner they were affected by posture, by pulling, by pushing, by lifting heavy weights, &c. &c.—The absolute necessity of this knowledge to the artist is too evident to require enforcing; and the lecture appeared to us to be calculated to excite inquiry and study in a direction the most useful. In itself it was little more than a sketch, or general outline. Yet the subject might be pursued to almost boundless limits. It is not the mere conformation of muscles, and their variation as corporeal action varies, that demand the consideration of the student. He will do well to look minutely at all their refined changes, as affected by age, the mind, and passions. The theory of *Muscular Expression*, if we may employ the phrase, would be a noble theme for an essay. Ingeniously and philosophically treated, we can imagine nothing of the same sort more replete with general interest, nor of more deep consequence to the Fine Arts.

We would subjoin one hint to those who heard Mr. Carlisle. He explained the necessity in their profession of delineating the muscles accurately in their multiplied modifications: we would warn them against the danger of exaggerating the muscles in their works. The French painters are at this moment and in this respect,

" To all an example, to no one a pattern." and we fear that there is an inclination and tendency in the British School to the same error. The person exhibited on Monday is a fair specimen of what the muscles may indicate without that vehement and outrageous marking, which is but too common with those who mistake an accumulation of flesh on a particular limb for a natural delineation of strength, or coarse contortion for correctness in discriminating, by perhaps a faint line, the most violent efforts of the human frame.

CANOVA ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dear Sir, The interesting communications from the Rev. Mr. Burrow and Mr.

Wilkins, which have appeared in your Journal, induce me to trouble you upon a subject intimately connected with them, and which both those gentlemen have had occasion to mention. Not having had the advantage either of visiting Athens like Mr. Wilkins, or of studying the subject at home so profoundly as Mr. Burrow, it would be presumption in me to think of deciding on the topographical points in dispute between them. There is, however, another subject on which, without venturing to give an opinion, I feel myself happy in being able to adduce a very decisive authority in support of the opinion of Mr. Burrow. I allude to the excellence of the Elgin Marbles. I say I am happy, not only because I am fully convinced of the inestimable advantages which the fine arts in any country must derive from the possession of the best models, but also because I think that the generous magnanimity of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in disdainfully to make use of his commanding situation at the peace of Paris, to procure any of the master-pieces of Grecian art, well merited to be rewarded by the acquisition of others, in a way of which none can complain, but those who have an incurable habit of complaining of every thing. I confess that I have never read, without feelings of admiration and pride, that passage in Lord Castlereagh's note on the subject of the statues, &c. where he says, "that His Royal Highness, however sensible he is of the value of those master-pieces, and however happy he should feel himself in being able to acquire some of them, disclaims all idea of profiting by the gratitude, or even by the necessities of the rightful owners, and that should any of them be unable to defray the expense of conveying them home, His Royal Highness will himself furnish them with the means, instead of embracing the opportunity to possess himself of them by legal purchase." I fear this proceeding of the Prince Regent has not been sufficiently appreciated in this country, but I can assure that abroad it has been estimated as it deserves. At any rate, however, those who are of my way of thinking will rejoice in every additional testimony to the superior excellence of the Elgin Marbles. Mr. Wilkins, in your No. 44, says, "Canova unquestionably the first sculptor of the age," (I am glad Mr. Wilkins thinks so,) "is extremely guarded in his commendations, contained in his letter to Lord Elgin; he acknowledges great merit, but avoids all comparison with the *chef-d'œuvre*s of Italy."—I beg you to bear this passage particularly in mind, as it shows that Mr. Wilkins considers Canova's authority as preponderant; and it is therefore to be presumed, that when he finds that authority to be decidedly against him, he will submit to the jurisdiction to which he seems to have appealed.—Mr. Burrow, in his reply, (No. 46.) speaks less decisively respecting Canova's opinion, saying only, that he believes those who heard him speak on the subject will attest that his opinion was in unison with those of the admirers of the marbles. Mr. Burrow will, I am sure, be glad to see the following confirmation of his ideas, in an article from

a Foreign Journal, which I have had in my port-folio for nearly these two years, and have been induced, by the present controversy, to look out and send to you; begging you to excuse this long preface, into which the interesting nature of the subject has drawn me.

A few words respecting Lord Elgin's Greek Marbles, and a request to the English nation.

Stuttgart.

"We are certain that the repeated accounts of the admirable remains of ancient Greek art, which Lord Elgin has brought to London from Athens and its neighbourhood, have been read with great interest by all the well-informed readers of our journal; for the lovers of art they must be still more attractive, and to those in particular we have something to say, which will rejoice and delight them.

"If we have hitherto thanked the respectable gentlemen, who have from time to time given us accounts of these treasures, and believed, upon Visconti's word, that something extraordinary was saved, and brought more within the sphere of our civilized world, yet a modest doubt might sometimes arise, whether, the few favoured persons who obtained a sight of the statues, the learned Archæologists themselves not excepted, had not been too much influenced by the novelty of the works. But now that the most competent judge, just coming from the most careful and strict examination of them, has decidedly expressed himself upon the value of the statues, and declared his feelings, every objection must vanish. We may name the man whom we mean; it is Canova, who travelled day and night by the shortest route from London to his own country, in order, if possible, to arrive at Rome at the same time with the Apollo, the Laocoön, &c., the precious trophies of his exertions and care.

"It was this greatest artist of our times, who, on the 19th of December, 1815, spared for Stuttgart only so many minutes as were necessary to halt before Dannecker's Museum, to embrace his brother artist, and to enjoy the new works of art which are to be seen here. What but the highest subjects of the art could furnish materials for the conversation of two great artists, animated with congenial feelings? Every word of this conversation was important; to repeat them all would be beyond our purpose, probably beyond the bounds of possibility; but a part, namely that which relates to the Elgin marbles, we will report after our attentive auditor.

"It was in Dannecker's finely arranged museum of antiquities, which, by the munificence of our beloved Crown Prince,¹ is furnished with admirable casts of the best of the long-known, but never sufficiently valued, Roman antiquities, that the conversation turned on the respective value of those images of gods and heroes, and Canova mentioned the Greek marbles, which England now possesses by the exertions of Lord Elgin. The very place, and the sur-

rounding objects, confer peculiar importance on the expressions of this man, amidst the works of art, the originals of which he had just acquired for his country a second time, by extraordinary exertions, and was now carrying home in triumph."

And what did the great man say?

"My idea of the nature of genuine Greek art has been fully confirmed by the examination of the Athenian statues;" (Lord Elgin's Marbles): "he who has not become acquainted with this style, knows not what genuine Greek art is."

"It was only in the times of Praxiteles and Phidias, that the Greeks knew what the perfection of art is. And as we have now indisputable productions of that period, we must abide by them. Here we first learn what *bas-relief* and *ronde-bosse* are, and how the greatest masters managed them.

"Our most celebrated antiquities—I am convinced of it—are only antique copies of much finer works of art, and but few of those we possess, as for instance, the *Torso* and the *Borghese Gladiator*, are originals."

"In the admirable statues, which England now possesses and Athens has lost, all is pure unsophisticated nature—true, real flesh. All is truth, true, true truth." (Canova seemed as if he could not repeat these words often enough. May they be re-echoed in all the schools of art.)

"How often are youth taught, when they are to study the antique, slavishly to imitate the hardly-marked parts in the work of a copyist, who did not understand how to make them tender. The young man becomes naturally still harder, and in the end even fancies that this is the spirit of the antique." (For this reason, perhaps, it is that the study of the antique is so often misunderstood.)

Such weighty words, or, I may say, rather such canon-laws of creative art, spoken by one of the most enlightened artists of our times to his colleague, animated with a congenial spirit, are not unmeaning phrases delivered by an orator to catch the ear of an audience; no, they are the purest elementary truths, founded on the inmost feelings of the soul, and therefore they demand our entire confidence, our implicit faith. Our writers on the arts may compose books upon them; let them but abide by the text, they will find materials sufficient. Dannecker was transported to hear his own long-delivered sentiments thus repeated and confirmed in a few words. We need not say how entirely he agreed: for who is more intimately possessed than he, of the feelings that breathe in ancient art?

I shall have the pleasure of sending you in a few days the conclusion of the above article.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours, &c.
H. E. LLOYD.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Oxford, 13th Dec.—The names of those candidates, who, at the close of the Public Examination, this term, were admitted by the Public Examiners into the first and second Classes of *Literæ Humaniores* and *Dis-*

¹ Now King of Wurtemberg.

cipline *Mathematica et Physica* respectively, according to the alphabetical arrangement in each Class prescribed by the statute, stand as follow:—

In the First Class of Literæ Humaniores.

Baring, Francis, Christ Church.
Greswell, William, Brasennose College.
Henderson, Gilbert, Brasennose College.
Knight, Henry H., Exeter College.
Mure, James, Christ Church.
Sanderson, Stephen, Pembroke College.
Shuldhams, John, Christ Church.

In the First Class of Discip. Mathemat. et Phys.

Baring, Francis, Christ Church.
Glyn, George H., Christ Church.
Powell, Baden, Oriel College.

In the Second Class of Literæ Humaniores.

Glaister, William, University College.
Graves, John S., Brasennose College.
Hale, William H., Oriel College.
Kekewich, Samuel, Christ Church.
Morrall, John, Brasennose College.
Owen, Owen, Jesus College.
Pitt, Joseph, Christ Church.
Sullivan, Frederick, Brasennose College.
Tristram, Henry B., Christ Church.
Walker, John, Brasennose College.

In the Second Class of Discip. Mathemat. et Phys.

Hale, William H., Oriel College.

Literæ Humaniores.

Cleaver, Henry, Christ Church.
Colson, John M., Balliol College.
Duncombe, Charles, Christ Church.
Glyn, George H., Christ Church.
Grove, William, Oriel College.
Hall, James, Wadham College.
Hewitt, Hon. John P., Christ Church.
Hughes, John G., Trinity College.
Johnson, Thomas, Brasennose College.
Jones, John, Jesus College.
King, Moss, Christ Church.
Lewis, David, Brasennose College.
Mereweather, John, Queen's College.
Noble, Robert, Brasennose College.
Ranken, Charles, Christ Church.
Shapcott, Thomas L., St. Alban's Hall.
Sydenham, John, Exeter College.
Troughton, James, Christ Church.

Discip. Mathemat.

Crabb, George, Magdalen Hall.

Yesterday the following gentlemen were admitted to Degrees:—

DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.

Rev. George Augustus Lamb, of Magdalen College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Mr. Baden Powell, of Oriel College.
Mr. Matthew Grey, of Oriel College.
Mr. John Shuldhams, of Christ Church.
Mr. Henry Baker Tristram, of Christ Church.
Mr. Cornelius Cooper, of Magdalen Hall.
Mr. John Lindsay Young, of Brasennose College.
Mr. William Joseph Walker, of Brasennose College.
Mr. James Hall, of Wadham College.
Mr. Henry Sissmore, of Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 18.—The Hulseau prize for the present year is adjudged to Mr. John Weller, B. A. of Emmanuel college, for his dissertation on "The probable causes of the apparent neglect with which some celebrated writers of antiquity treated the Christian religion."

The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize dissertation for the ensuing year:—"The probable influence of Revelation upon the writings of the Heathen Philosophers and the morals of the Heathen World."

The subject of the English poem for the Chancellor's third gold medal for the ensuing year is—"Imperial and papal Rome."

INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Public Sitting of the French Academy, held on the 30th of November, for the admission of M. M. Laya and Roger.

[The curious anecdotes noticed in the Parisian accounts of this sitting, recommend it as unusually interesting to the English reader.]

It is impossible to describe the anxiety which was manifested to obtain places at this public sitting, or the violence with which the doors of the Academy were assailed; but the cause may be easily explained. The two candidates have a vast circle of friends. To their talent, which enables them even to support a comparison with their immediate predecessors, M. M. Laya and Roger unite social qualities, of which those who aspire to the literary magistracy are not always possessed, and which render the choice of the Academy a subject of general approbation.

The two candidates on this occasion had the honour of speaking in the presence of a more brilliant assemblage than has for a long period graced an academic sitting, and they besides enjoyed the advantage of expatiating on fecund and happy subjects.—The eulogium¹ on M. Choiseul, of course received additional interest from the lustre of his name, the recollection of his great qualities, and the celebrity of his works. Who would not derive inspiration from contemplating the ardent soul and the brilliant imagination of that painter, who has so eloquently described the ruins of Greece, and the tombs of Priam and Achilles? Who could refrain from gathering those variegated and odoriferous flowers, which the sensible and witty traveller has so plentifully scattered along his path, whether he describes the dance of the modern Ionians, whether he leads us to the religious solitudes of Patmos, or whether he traverses amidst barbarians those hills on which repose the poetic ashes of Ilion, those marshes which have engulfed the palaces of voluptuous Miletus, or those valleys of Rhodes, where the echo of the mountains, and the murmuring of the rivulets, seem still to repeat the accents of the Doric reed?

M. Laya delivered a discourse which was listened to with the warmest interest. Not having enjoyed the advantage of being per-

sonally acquainted with his predecessor, M. de Choiseul Gouffier, the new academician could not enter into many biographic details. He confined himself principally to pronouncing an eulogium on the *Voyage pittoresque de la Grèce*, and the negotiations carried on at Constantinople by the author of that excellent work, when he was appointed ambassador from France to the Porte.

The Duke de Levis, in reply to M. Laya, entered into various political considerations, which were perfectly appropriate in the eulogium of a man so nobly faithful to the old monarchy of France as M. de Choiseul. It excited great interest, and afforded much satisfaction.

M. Roger, in rising to deliver the eulogium on M. Suard, observed, that he wished to draw the attention of the auditory to the man rather than to the scholar. This mode of treating the subject furnished the ingenious author of the *Avocat et la Revenche*, with an opportunity of making some sketches of manners, which excited the most lively interest. M. Roger looked back to the youthful days of the Patriarch of literature,² and represented him, when at a very early age, giving the most unequivocal proofs of an excellent character.

A certain law student, the intimate companion of young Suard, had the misfortune to kill, in a duel, an officer who was connected with a noble and powerful family. The criminal immediately fled, and the witness of the duel was arrested:—this witness proved to be young Suard. He was asked the name of the criminal, and was informed that he must either deliver him up to justice, or submit to be imprisoned in his stead. In this critical moment, our generous student called to mind the sublime exclamation of Philoxenus—"Let me be taken back to the quarries!"—No threat, no violence could intimidate him; he was sent a prisoner to the Sainte Marguerite Isles, where he remained thirteen long months. It is said, that when the jailor was proceeding to fasten the irons on his feet, he inquired with a phlegmatic air, whether his hands were not to be ironed likewise This early trait of character must necessarily have been followed by pure and gracious actions. Thus in all the other circumstances of his life, M. Suard pursued, with a firm step, the path of honour and virtue.

M. Roger mentioned in high terms of praise, the translation of the history of Charles V., a translation, the brilliant success of which was confirmed by the suffrages of the most eminent literary characters in England, particularly the philosopher Hume and the illustrious Robertson, the author of the original work. He likewise gave a spirited description of the famous musical war, in which M. Suard took a most conspicuous part; we quote the following passages from the discourse:—

"—It was at the commencement of

¹ See our Biographical Sketch of him in the Literary Gazette of November.

² Our account stated that Suard himself killed the officer.

that war, so puerile in its object, so astonishing for its duration,—that musical war, the grotesque, but faithful image of the melancholy political divisions by which we have since been divided."

"Two parties" were formed; the names of Gluck and Piccini were the rallying cries. The nobleman, the citizen, the soldier, the lawyer, the artist, and the artisan, all participated in the contest; all took up arms and marched to battle. Discord pervaded every mind, and raged in our theatres, our promenades, our cafés, and even in our academies. Peace was no-where to be found. Parties of every description, dinners and suppers, so calculated to produce reconciliation, were forsaken. No one thought of inquiring whether a woman was handsome or accomplished; whether a fool was rich; whether a magistrate was an honest man; or whether a physician was skilful;—are you a *Gluckist*, or a *Picciniist*? An answer to that question supplied the place of every other; those who are of our opinion, deserve our esteem; those who are not, are either rogues or fools; there must be no intermediate party, to be moderate is to be treacherous."

The political character of M. Suard belongs to the history of our discords, and is connected with it in the most honorable way. The persecutions he experienced perhaps constitute his best title to immortality. He braved the revolutionists, resisted the orders of Buonaparte, and when called upon to *rectify public opinion* on the subject of the death of the Duke D'Enghien, and the trial of Moreau, he replied by the following courageous letter:—

"I have now, Sir, attained my 73d year; but my character, like my vigor of constitution, still remains unimpaired by age. I wish to close my career as I have heretofore pursued it. The first object on which you require me to write, is a stroke of policy which has deeply afflicted me, because it is an act of violence, repugnant to all my ideas of natural equity and political justice.

"The second cause of public discontent arises from the manifest interference of the government, in a case which has been submitted to the decision of a Court of Justice. For my own part, I know of no act of power more naturally calculated to render every citizen apprehensive for his personal safety.—You see, Sir, that I cannot *rectify* a general opinion in which I myself participate."

Buonaparte never failed to hold a private tête-à-tête with M. Suard, whenever a deputation from the Institute appeared at the Tuilleries, and he usually turned the conversation on the subject of ancient history. On one of these occasions he expressed his astonishment at the hatred attached to the memory of the tyrant of Rome. "Your *Tacitus*," said he one day to M. Suard, "is a mere declaimer, an impostor, who has calumniated Nero... that he has calumniated him cannot be doubted, for Nero was reviled by the people. How unfortunate

that princes should have such historians!"— "Perhaps so," replied the old man, "but it would be still more unfortunate if no such historians existed, to keep bad princes in awe."

The sitting closed at half past five. All the academicians in Paris were present; and, among others, Prince Talleyrand, and the Duke de Ragusa. Among the foreigners of distinction was Prince Kourakin.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following circumstance occurred in a Spanish Village, during that period of horrors, the French Invasion.

"Let them come—they know us now—
No Spaniard to the French will bow :
Let them come, here shall we stay :
Women—children—haste away—
Climb the mountain's steepest side—
Thence, the foe you may deride."

"We will not to the mountains go,
If the men remain below,
An army comes, your little band,
Could it make a moment's stand?—
If the men remain below ;
One and all—we will not go."

Rose an aged man, and said,
"Time, in silvering o'er this head,
Has not palsied yet my heart,
Tho' I counsel to depart,
Women, children, men—all—all :
If we stay, we useless fall.
Let desolation meet his view,
As the Frenchman marches thro',—
No living thing must linger here,
To dye with Spanish blood his spear.
But, comrades, let us, ere we go,
Prove we estimate our foe."

"Twas said—and each man straightway bore
A faggot to his cottage door ;
Then silently his home forsook,
Nor backward cast one farewell look.

The invaders came—no human sound
Broke the death-like stillness round.
Then rose coward vengeance high—
"Fire the town," the furious cry.
And blazed every faggot bright,
Till all was wrapt in crimson light.

They saw it from their cavern lone,
As on the rock its flashes shone ;
And screamed the little ones in fear,
And trembled every woman there ;
While each of bolder spirit burned,
As on his home his eye was turned.

At length, more dim the flashes came,
And sunk by slow degrees the flame.—
"Tis past, the foe has done his worst"—
"For this, be all their host accurst."
With a wild and fearful shout,
Then rushed they from the cavern out ;
And o'er the array which wound below,
Hurled prophecy of vengeance—woe.

ISABEL.

THE BIRD.
Behold you linnet,—silly thing !
How hard he labours there ;—
His notes, which so enlivens spring,
No longer charm the air.
What can the warbler now regret,
No food has he to seek ?
Ah ! why not there contented yet,
With every joy replies ?
Why does he pant to soar the skies,
Where once he sang so sweet ?—
His mate, alas ! he ever sighs
Again in groves to meet.

The readers of the *Literary Gazette* are already acquainted with some of the particulars of this extraordinary musical war, which beat the Logician dispute, at present raging in London, all the world to nothing.

away, thou little flutterer !—fly
To where thy mate is gone ;
Ascend again the cloudless sky,
Or skim the verdant lawn.
He's gone !—see how he wings the air !
How glad !—how happy he !—
So man can live on labour's fare,
If blest with liberty. G. G. B.

IMPROPTU

Written on the Chapel Walls at Waterloo.
One word—one little word will tell
How Britons fought, how Britons fell.
One word—one little word will do
To mock oblivion—Waterloo.

A. A.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

OUTWITTED AT LAST.—After many postponements, we had on Saturday the Opera of *Outwitted at Last*; we should not have been sorry had it been postponed to the Greek Calends. It is a lamentable piece of work: very long, very dull, very insipid, very inartificial as a vehicle for music, very improbable as a drama, and, in short, devoid of a single redeeming quality to save it from utter condemnation. It is impossible to imagine what could have induced any managers to bring forward a thing so entirely worthless: disappointed authors accuse them of rejecting a great deal, but we are sure no one can charge them with being hard to please, if they recognise such trash as this as worthy of the stage. In truth it is a strong impeachment of their judgment; and unless it may come to pass through accident, we can never expect discerning selections to be made by those who could sanction the performance of this tissue of inanity and nonsense.

The *decline* of the British Stage has of late years been but too apparent; yet it has been somewhat gradual, with a ray of brightness occasionally darting through the profound, till now when it seems to have arrived at galloping and *hopeless consumption*. As for the present opera, though it is not likely to live even to the date of our publication, it may be expected that we should give some account of it to justify the decisive sentence of reprobation which we have pronounced.

The characters are—

Sir Staunch Stakeaere,	Mr. J. Smith.
Sir Robert Worldly,	Mr. Pope.
Renben Worldly, (his brother)	Mr. H. Johnston.
Commodore Danvers,	Mr. Dowton.
Captain Harcourt,	Mr. T. Cooke.
Entail,	Mr. Powell.
Firelock, (Harcourt's servant)	Mr. Harley.
Meagre, (Sir R. Worldly's servant)	Mr. Oxberry.
Mainstay,	Mr. Smith.
Rosanthe Danvers,	Miss Byrne.
Eugenius,	Miss Cubitt.
Mrs. Worldly,	Mrs. Bland.
Susan, (Miss Danvers' maid)	Mrs. Atsop.
Chorus of fishermen and colliers	

are liberally and gratuitously thrown into the bargain; as they have nothing on earth, under earth, or on water to do with the business of the opera. The fishermen however commence the piece very ominously with *flounders*, and the author flounders on till the end of it, without aim, meaning, or

entertainment. The story is so foolish that it is scarcely susceptible of detail. Miss Danvers is somehow a ward to Sir R. Worldly, who, though her father, the Commodore, is alive and appears to act in his own proper person, has so extraordinary an authority over her as to endeavour to force her into a hateful marriage with Stakeacre, and separate her from her favoured lover Harcourt. To avoid this ill-contrived dilemma, she consents to elope with the latter; and this design being discovered by the guardian, he counter-plots most absurdly to substitute his protégé for the Captain in the dark. This counter-plot again being found out by the opposite party, they dig a mine deeper, and contrive to palm Eugenia upon Stakeacre, instead of Rosanthe. All this night scene takes place accordingly, somewhere in the second act, and to crown its imbecility, Sir Robert plays at bo-peep with the runaways from a balcony. From this part the opera takes its title of *Outwitted at Last*; but our readers must not suppose from the cheering sounds of the two last words that the audience were by many miles near the termination of their misfortunes. By no means! only one half of their sufferings had yet been endured; and the patience with which they underwent the remainder, reminded us of the stoical Indian, who after being pinched, parboiled, stoned, roasted, and scalded for two hours, phlegmatically observed to his tormentors, "I wish you would change the tearing with red hot pincers, *I am tired of that kind of torture.*" To relieve the tedium of what we have described, we are now introduced to a ruined and disinherited brother of Sir R. Worldly, who sues in the most melancholy manner, but in vain, for relief from his obdurate relative. Sir Robert flings away from him, but kindly leaves half a dozen gross bags full of money on his table, almost saying "Come Sir, help yourself." Mr. Reuben, however, after a terrible tirade, resists the invitation. He rates the money-bags very roundly, and, dashing one of these unoffending innocents cruelly upon the floor, goes home to his wife, who, the children being most fortunately in bed (a miraculous escape for the audience), sings him a song—very arrant nonsense, but exceedingly calming to his perturbed spirits. Better luck soon follows; near the end, there comes in Mr. Entail, whose name and appearance at the close is the single piece of wit in the opera; and he produces the strangest will that ever was thought of even in a farce, for it either is made two years after the testator is dead and buried, or is to all intents and purposes as good,—for it revokes old Worldly's original testament, takes all his property back from his son Robert, who had enjoyed it two years, and conveys it cleanly and legally to his son Reuben! The author with singular felicity avoids a Chancery suit (which might have been as tedious as the opera), on this occasion; and brings on Commodore Danvers and Mainstay, a wretched imitation of Sir George Thunder and John Dory. They reach Sir Robert's at midnight, just after the flight of the young folks, and therefore in the next scene sit down to tea or breakfast,

it is not said, and it is not material which. A pother ensues when more convenient, and the Commodore orders the country to be scoured, while he recounts his history "even from his boyish days, to the very moment" at which he has arrived. During this edifying discourse, the chaises break down as in duty bound, the fugitives sing solos, and duets, and trios; and then all come back again to grace the finale, every one satisfied with the impositions practised upon them, and the villainy of their respective associates. We had forgot to say that the servants are frequently discharged and not discharged, ordered not to speak to and then to instruct each other, found worthless and then made confidants; of course they cut a conspicuous figure in the intrigues of the opera, and the males caricature Bobby Acres' duel in the most effective way to shew how a *good thing* may be rendered worse than *nothing*.

Such is this opera; guiltless of one particle of humour, of one stroke of wit, of one tolerable song, of one amusing incident, of one passable scene, of one grain of consistency;—a matchless example of prosing stupidity and insufferable dullness. None of the performers had a chance or opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The very clap-traps, of which there was no scarcity, were so vapid, they fell like dead weights.

The music is by Mr. G. Lanza, and remarkable for a sameness which destroys its only merit, simplicity. A slow, followed by a quick, movement is the *variety invariable*. The Opera itself is the production of Mr. Earle, jun. a bookseller. He had better stick to *"The Row"*—the same word in the broader theatrical style of pronunciation is not pleasing, and cannot be advantageous.

Witnessing the reception of the first night we were surprised that the adventure of repetition should be tried. But as the Play Bills declare (these are not *True Bills* found by the Grand Jury, the Public) that it was received by a crowded audience with every mark of the highest approbation, the managers are no doubt wise, in continuing the performance, which draws such *Crowds*, and meets with such high applause!!!

MR. KEAN, on Monday, reappeared for the first time since his indisposition, as Richard III, and exerted himself with a degree of energy inspired by the knowledge that the part had been sustained by another during his retreat. He consequently performed it in his best style, and was much applauded by a full house.

LILLIPUT. Much as we disapprove of this entertainment which has been frequently repeated, it is evident that the town does not dislike it; and one good effect will flow from the experiment: while it demonstrates a vitiated taste in a great mass of the public, it will contribute largely to the funds of the theatre;—a circumstance in which every lover of the drama must rejoice, however ardent the wish that the benefit flowed from a more reputable source. In the elegant style of the Drury Lane Literati, the *uncommonly surprising* talents of the children, excite not only the most rapturous cheers, but

astonishment": we hope the time is at hand when such raptures at such exhibitions will be "*surprisingly uncommon.*"

COVENT GARDEN.

We are to sorry to observe that the New Tragedy is postponed sine die, on account of the continued illness of Mr. Charles Kemble. On Monday, Romeo and Juliet was substituted for the Orphan, which had been advertised, and Mr. Abbott performed Romeo, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Macready. In this part he acquitted himself very ably, and regretting the cause, we rejoiced in the opportunity afforded to so deserving an actor, of appearing advantageously before the public. Miss O'Neill's Juliet was exquisitely fine.

Guy Manning, with Braham's songs, continues to attract good houses alternately with tragedies; and the farce of *Husbands and Wives* seems to have lost none of its power over the risible muscles. It has been played every night, and we have no novelties to record.

On Wednesday King John was played, King John, Mr. Young, Constance, Miss O'Neill, and Falconbridge, Mr. Charles Kemble. With all Mr. Young's merit it is, we think, impossible for any actor to fill up the idea of this character which we received from his predecessor. Miss O'Neill's Constance has not the deep tone of maternal despair; she is always affecting, but there is a preternatural sternness and solemnity about the afflictions of Constance, which do not fall within her powers. The public will rejoice with us in the return to his professional duties of Mr. C. Kemble, this evening's Falconbridge, and particularly as it is one of his best parts, and not surpassed by any of its kind upon the stage.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The foreign journals since our last have been barren of news. Those of Paris are filled with the discussions of the Chamber of Deputies, on the *projet* relating to the liberty of the press. As nothing has yet been determined upon the subject, and there remain about forty speakers yet to deliver their opinions, we shall not trouble our readers with any detail of the arguments pro or con. It appears that the French Government has had recourse to another loan to the amount of eight millions sterling; the contractors are nearly the same as on a former occasion, Barings, Rothschild, &c.

The minister De Caze has accepted another place in the royal household, without relinquishing the police. M. Laine has resigned, and is succeeded in the interior by Count Mole, a celebrated Buonapartist.

The intelligence from South America continues to be contradictory and fallacious. We are glad to hear a rumour

that the mediation of the European Sovereigns has been offered between Spain and the colonies; and trust it will be effectual in restoring tranquillity on terms honourable and advantageous to both. The King of Spain has issued a decree granting immunities to settlers in Cuba. It has strangely enough been taken up fiercely as an English party question; though we can conceive nothing less connected with British feelings or interests. With not only the Americas, but the Ionian islands, the Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c., inviting our emigrants to colonize them, it is surely altogether improbable that five British subjects should think of choosing Cuba.

The long persecuted queen of Etruria took possession of the principality of Lucca on the 24th ult.

The Princess of Wales has received the tidings of her daughter's death, and was deeply affected by this fatal blow.

It is with great concern we have to record the occurrence of one of those tremendous visitations, a hurricane, in the West Indies. The accounts have been received via America, and are we sincerely trust exaggerated; but still there is enough of misery to afflict every heart. The storm took place on the 21st of October, and swept the whole region for two hundred miles, ravaging in its course Antigua, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, St. Lucie, Martinique, Dominique and Guadalupe. The scene of greatest horror however seems to have been St. Lucie, where the Government house and the barracks were overthrown. In the former, governor lieutenant-general Seymour, his wife, family, and household, to the number of fifty souls, perished: in the latter 200 military were destroyed. Where such consequences ensued the situation of the whole island must have been dreadful. The shipping has suffered to an unknown and appalling extent; but as the particulars are not ascertained it would be barbarity to guess at the probable desolation.

In our own seas and on our own coasts, we lament to add, the disasters during the last week from heavy gales and tempests, have been numerous and distressing. Many gallant vessels with their unfortunate crews have been lost.

Bonaparte's partisan Las Cases has published a garbled letter purporting to be addressed to him by his ci-devant master before he was transported from St. Helena. It is a sort of vindication of the publisher, and worthless enough both in that point of view, and as aspersing the policy which has consigned the Corsican to perpetual banishment at a dis-

tance from cabal and conspiracy. As we take no part in politics, but have been, we know not on what grounds, accused of party feelings, we beg here to say that our only party is our country, not its divisions, and that we are only opposed to her enemies. Considering Bonaparte as the bitterest of those, we cannot conceive that any Briton can at the same time love him and his native land, or desire at the same time his liberation and England's prosperity.

The United States Minister to the Court of Great Britain has arrived in this country. He came in the Franklin, the first American *seventy-four* which has entered an English port.

Several more persons detained under the *Habeas Corpus Suspension*, have been liberated.

Very recent accounts have been received from India. The Madras army is about to be put in motion; but on the other side of the Peninsula, tranquillity is restored. We have been favoured with the following original communication relative to the Peishwa, from one of the principal staff officers in the Indian army. It is dated in June.

SUBSIDIARY TREATIES.—By the latest accounts from India we understand that Poonah, the capital of his Highness the Peishwa, was invested on the 8th of May last, by the troops of his Highness's subsidiary force, under the direction of the British resident, who required the immediate surrender of three of the strongest and most important Hill forts, which was immediately complied with; and it was surmised, that the Mahratta territory would suffer a partial dismemberment, to atone for his Highness's recent acts of treachery and ingratitude.

William Hone was on Thursday tried for the publication of blasphemous political libels on the Creed, Lord's Prayer, &c. in the Court of King's Bench. He conducted his own defence, and was pronounced by the Jury, *not Guilty*, in opposition to the summing up of the Judge, Abbot. A more innocent publisher of Gosport is now in Winchester gaol for twelve-months, being condemned for the same offence in an infinitely less degree.

VARIETIES.

IMPROVEMENT IN SIR H. DAVY'S SAFETY LAMP.—Sir H. Davy has made a farther discovery in regard to combustion, which will prove a very great improvement to his safety lamp. He thus describes it in a letter to the Rev. J. Hodgson, of Heworth:

"I have succeeded in producing a light perfectly safe and economical, which is most

brilliant in atmospheres in which the flame of the safety lamp is extinguished, and which burns in every mixture of carburetted hydrogen gas that is respirable. It consists of a slender metallic tissue of platinum, which is hung in the top of the interior of the common lamp of wire gauze, or in that of the twilled lamp. It costs from 6d. to 1s., and is imperishable. This tissue, when the common lamp is introduced into an explosive atmosphere, becomes red hot, and continues to burn the gas in contact with it as long as the air is respirable; when the atmosphere again becomes explosive, the flame is re-lighted. I can now burn any inflammable vapour either with or without flame, at pleasure, and make the wire consume it with either red or white heat. I was led to this result by discovering slow combustions without flame; and at last I found a metal which made these harmless combustions visible."

FRENCH VERSATILITY.—The celebrated Column, in the Place Vendome, at Paris, which Bonaparte erected, on the model of Trajan's pillar, with the cannon taken at Austerlitz, which were cast into a grand series of spiral relief, commemorative of his victories, and a Colossal Statue of the Conqueror to surmount the whole, is well known to the British public. The allies, on capturing Paris, were about to destroy this monument, but at last were satisfied with removing the statue, and the column still stands, a record of the warlike achievements of Napoleon and his armies. It might be thought puzzling to mould such stubborn materials into a compliment to the other powers of Europe, and to the restored monarch; but a Frenchman's ingenuity is equal to any thing in this way. One of the sides is without an inscription; and a clever fellow proposes that it should be filled up as follows:

A la paix de l'Europe
Et au retour du Roi legitime,
L'armée Française
Fait hommage de ses victoires.

M,DCC,XVII.

TOLERATION!—The Vicar of Saxler, Haut-Underwald, in Switzerland, preaching against female extravagance in dress, exclaimed:—"I declare to you, proud and frivolous women, that I abhor, that I detest you; that I would prefer seeing before my eyes hell itself open, and all its population of horrid demons, rather than gaze for one moment on a fashionable woman. You will be damned—you will go to hell. We shall then enjoy your sufferings; and the saints and we will laugh for ever at the eternal torments which you are experiencing." This zealous apostle was interdicted.

GERMAN BON MOT.—In a German city, where it is the custom when any body is dead to cover the bell-handle with black cloth, a celebrated physician one day was going to ring at the door of a house where the bell was so covered, either to visit the relations of the deceased or another patient: somebody passing by, called to him, "Stop, Doctor, you are wrong; you have been there before!"

AFRICAN ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Recent accounts from Malta state, that the Weymouth store-ship, Mr. Turner, had sailed from that island for the coast of Africa, to receive on board the curiosities collected at Lebida, the site of one of the ancient cities Leptis, (Leptis Minor,) and destined for the Prince Regent by the Bey of Tripoli.¹ They are represented as highly valuable and curious, consisting of massy columns of porphyry, statuary, and other fragments of ancient art. This collection has been made under the direction of Capt. Smith, of the Royal Navy, who has been some time employed in surveying that part of the African coast, and is frequently with the Bey, by whom he is allowed a guard of janissaries in his several journeys through the country.—At one of his audiences the Bey of Fezzan was present; and he related to Capt. Smith, that about 17 years since, an Englishman travelled with him to the southward of Fezzan, and was taken ill on the road of a fever, which caused his death, and he afterwards saw him buried. This person, it is believed, was Mr. Freidric Horneman, the son of a German clergyman, employed by the Society for making discoveries in the interior of Africa.

In his first Journey from Cairo, in 1799, he travelled through Fezzan, the capital of which, Mourzauk, as well as of the country, he transmitted an account on his return to Tripoli. After some stay in Tripoli he returned to Fezzan in January 1800; and on the 6th of April wrote, that he was on the point of setting out with the caravan for Bornall, along with two great Shereefs, one of whom is probably the person called 'Bey' in the Maltese letter. Since that period no certain accounts have been received of this enterprising traveller, though M. Nissen, the Danish Consul at Tripoli, was assured by a Fezzan merchant from Buran, (an unknown place,) in 1804, that Jussuph, the Mahomedan name assumed by Horneman, was then alive, and on his way to Gondasch, (a city also unknown to us,) returning to Europe. Another respectable Moorish merchant represented to Mr. M'Donough, Consul at Tripoli, that Horneman was well at Cas'na in June 1803, and reputed to be a Marabout or Mussulman Saint:² and other reports, though more vague, reached Europe concerning him in 1808-9, since which, however, nothing has transpired to keep hope alive, and the present story is therefore too likely to be the truth.

Another Morning Paper says,—“We have the satisfaction to state, that the Bey of Tripoli has consented to receive a man of science and literature at his court; to reside there, and acquire the language and manners of the country; after which he will give him a military escort to penetrate into the interior of Africa. In consequence of this, Joseph Ritchie, Esq. now the private

¹ A correspondent of the *Times* newspaper has raised a doubt that the Bey of Tunis is meant, but though his geographical grounds of argument are correct, yet as Fezzan is tributary to Tripoli, the original account is probably right.

² Sir W. Young's report of 1st June, 1805.

Secretary of Sir Charles Stuart, is selected as a person highly qualified for this undertaking. He will be appointed Consul at Tripoli; and he will travel with the caravan to Tombuctoo.”

The sciences have lately sustained a great loss by the death of the ABBE SCOPPA, at Naples. He was a Nobleman of Messina, and Director of the Schools on the English System, lately established in the kingdom. He was in the very prime of life. His work, “On the Poetical Beauties of all Languages, considered in respect to the Accent and Rhythmus,” obtained, in 1815, the prize given by the French Institution.—*Foreign Journals.*

The Journal of Naples, of the 18th inst. gives the following copy of a mutilated inscription, which has been discovered in the excavations of Pompeii. The words in Italics have been conjecturally supplied by Professor Romanelli:—

Romvls Martis
Filivs vrbum Roman
Condidit et regnavit annos
P. m. quadraginta isqve
Acrone dycs hostivm
Et Rege Caeninensiv
Interfecto spolia opima
Iovi Feretrius consecravit
Receptivsqve in deorum
Nymvrm Qvirini nomine
Appellatus est a Romanis.

The following is translation:—

Romulus, the son of Mars, built the city of Rome, and reigned forty years: having killed Acron, the General and King of the Caenenes, he consecrated the *spolia opima* to Jupiter Feretrius. Being received among the gods, he was called Quirinus by the Romans.

The first number of the *Belgian Mercury*, edited by a society of literary gentlemen, has just appeared. It consists of essays in poetry and prose, the most remarkable of which is entitled, “Considerations on the Progress of Literature in Belgium, from the time of Cæsar up to the present day.” This first number contains an extremely well-written article on the French Stage, and concludes with a political sketch of the situation of Europe.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A work, in two volumes octavo, has just been published at Paris, entitled, *History of Painting in Italy*. We have not yet seen it, but report speaks of it as an entertaining and useful production. The author is, however, guilty of multitudinous digressions; one of the least pardonable of which, in the eyes of the French critics, is his preferring Shakspere and Schiller to Racine.

A select *Spanish Theatre* is about to be published in numbers in London. This *Teatro Espanol* will contain the chief works of L. de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Molina, Roxas, Solis, and the more recent Cruz-y-Cano, Moratin, and others scarcely known to the general English scholar.

By the death of Mr. Delametherie, M. H. Ducrolay de la Blainville has become proprietor and editor of the French *Journal de Physique, de Chimie, d'Histoire Naturelle, et des Arts*, which, with an interruption during the turbulent years 1795-6-7, has existed since 1771, and now forms not fewer than 84 volumes.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

December 11—Thursday.

Thermometer from 23 to 35.
Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 79.

Wind S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ —Clear: froze all day long in the shade, though the Wind was from S. W.: before sun-rise the smoke was from the S. E. Friday, 12—Thermometer from 20 to 32.
Barometer from 29, 85 to 29, 89.

Wind S. and S. W. b. N. 0.—About six this morning the stars were very bright, but by seven a thick fog came on, and continued till about five, when it began to disperse; and by eight the rime was dropping from the trees. Saturday, 13—Thermometer from 19 to 40.
Barometer from 29, 82 to 29, 85.

Wind S. b. E. $\frac{1}{4}$.—A general mist, with a little rain or rather Scotch mist in the evening. Rain fallen .05 of an inch. Sunday, 14—Thermometer from 35 to 49.
Barometer from 29, 71 to 29, 62.

Wind S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$.—A Scotch mist through the day: about nine at night the Wind suddenly rose, and heavy rain fell.—Rain fallen .2 of an inch. Monday, 15—Thermometer from 32 to 44.
Barometer from 29, 76 to 29, 68.

Wind S. and S. W. 0.—After the heavy rain of last night, this morning was rather frosty: the sun shone pleasantly all the day, and goats at noon were flying about as though it had been an April day.—Very heavy showers in the evening.—Rain fallen .3 of an inch. Tuesday, 16—Thermometer from 32 to 52.
Barometer from 30, 04 to 29, 84.

Wind S. and S. b. E. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Small rain most of the day; began to blow hard about eight, when clouds formed.—Rain fallen .9 of an inch. Wednesday, 17—Thermometer from 36 to 44.
Barometer from 29, 73 to 29, 69.

Wind S. W. and W. b. S. 1.—Generally fine till the evening, when it became misty.—Blew an almost hurricane all the night, in gusts from, I believe, W. by N. and W. b. S.—Rain fallen .125 of an inch.

On Thursday the Ice on ponds measured from 3 to 4 tenths of an inch thick, and on Friday from 8 to 9 tenths.

Floods in many places, with these heavy rains.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. P. M. Fierville is informed, that we cannot enter into the personal dispute between him and M. du Mitand, respecting the *Editorship* of Boyer's *Dictionary*. His complaint is very strong, but the volume has produced scores of words already, for all our purposes, and we will have nothing to do with the additional high words of the rival Editors.

G. S. shall be inserted: We cannot this week answer E. R.'s question. Our wish is to oblige those who honour us with their correspondence, by inserting their favours whenever we can by so doing consult the gratification of our general readers, which must always be our paramount object. This consideration alone compels us, and never without regret, to decline the exercises of young Essayists which promise future excellence, but do not possess that degree of interest and finish desirable for our pages.